

The GRAIL

The title 'The GRAIL' is rendered in a bold, serif font. The word 'The' is smaller and positioned to the left of 'GRAIL'. The letters are black and set against a white background. Behind the text is a large, stylized graphic of a wheel with spokes, resembling a wagon wheel. A vine with leaves and small flowers is wrapped around the right side of the wheel and the letters 'AIL'.

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The Grail

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BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

Pope Leo XIII wrote a complete doctrine on the Christian concept of the State. He made **DIUTURNUM**, or **CIVIL GOVERNMENT**, the foundation of the succession of Encyclicals in which he set forth the Christian ideal of the civil order. He began in 1881 with **DIUTURNUM**. Next came **IMMORTALE DEI**, or the **CHRISTIAN CONSTITUTION OF STATES**, in 1885. **IMMORTALE DEI** was followed by **LIBERTAS HUMANA**, or **HUMAN LIBERTY**, in 1888. **SAPIENTIAE CHRISTIANAE**, **THE CHIEF DUTIES OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENS**, was uttered in 1890. It appears that the Pontiff had felt that **SAPIENTIAE CHRISTIANAE** should end this series of Encyclicals, but by 1901 he felt impelled to add **GRAVES DE COMMUNI** as a sort of super-roof to the magnificent structure he had already erected. This last Encyclical was on **CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY**, or **CHRISTIAN POPULAR ACTION** as it is sometimes called.

Pope Leo reveals in the closing lines of **DIUTURNUM** the extreme importance which he assigned to this Encyclical. Addressing the Hierarchy, he urged: "Strive with all possible care to make men under-



stand and show forth in their lives what the Catholic Church teaches on government and the duty of obedience." Pope Leo did not misjudge the importance of this Encyclical, for it is indeed difficult for Catholics to speak authoritatively on the Catholic concept of civil government without a reasonably intimate acquaintance with it, although many Catholics presume to do so without

a knowledge of either this Encyclical or of the others mentioned above. One finds that all too many Catholics connect Pope Leo's name with **Rerum Novarum** alone, entirely overlooking this series which outlines the Christian concept of the State.

It is difficult to understand this error in these unhappy times when a suffering world lies soaked with the blood of a devastating conflict over what really does constitute the proper concept of the State. The matter becomes almost impossible of being understood when one realizes that this same miserable world now stands face to face with the likelihood of a still greater conflict, with a more copious outpouring of blood, over the very same question. True, men do still cry "Peace! Peace!" but if there is no peace, perhaps it is because of man's unwillingness to devote the few hours necessary to acquaint himself with the true moral concept of civil society.

For example, we condemn fiercely Communism's goal of a God-less and even State-less society, yet are we clear in our own minds whether the State is a creation of God or of man? If we say that it is willed by God, can we document our conten-

THE CHRISTIAN CONCEPT OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT

tion in such a way as to convince our befogged brother? We offer democracy's statal structure as direct contradiction to Communism's proposed form and we make this offer with loud assertions that it is the Christian and moral pattern of civil structure, since it is designed to protect the inherent dignity of man set forth by Christianity's teachings. Yet, as citizens of a democracy which we defend so warmly and so



And then Our Lord's words when before Pilate:

loudly, do we ourselves know whether a democratic State's power to govern comes from God or from the majority will of the citizens who compose it? If this power comes from God, does it pass directly to the administrators of the State or to them through the people? In either case, can we document our opinion concerning this all-vital matter; or do we simply voice it with a hope and a prayer that our listeners won't trip us up and accordingly

humiliate us? If the power accorded those who administer the functions of a democratic State originates in the citizen-body, does a majority vote in itself then constitute morality in government? In a democracy is a law just, simply because a majority of the electorate declares it to be?

These, plus many questions of like nature which have come to resemble shuttlecocks in today's great ideological battles, are answered in the Encyclicals with which Pope Leo built the edifice of the moral ideal of the civil order. The answers to many such questions may be found in *DIUTURNUM* alone. For example, Leo tells us, and documents his points by quotations from Holy Writ, that the right to rule comes from God and that the State derives its authority from God; otherwise no man would have the right to assume authority over another. But he also states that those who administer the power and authority of government are designated by the will of the people. In other words, the ruler, or the administrator of a State's authority, may be chosen by the people, yet the people do not confer upon the ruler or administrator the *right* to rule. Nor do the people, even in a republic, delegate to its civil executives the authority to govern them, but merely determine the person by whom this power is to be exercised. Not only may the people to be governed choose the governor, but they may also very properly choose whatever form of government they desire, provided that such form is not repugnant to either justice or morality.

In proving that political power comes from God, Leo turns to not only Holy Writ, but also to ancient tradition and to logic. "But as regards to political power," he said, "the Church rightly teaches that it comes from God, for it finds this clearly testified in the Sacred Scriptures and in the monuments of antiquity; besides, no other doctrine can be conceived which is more agreeable to reason, or more in accord with the safety of both princes and peoples." Then His Holiness quotes from both the Old and New

Testaments. "By me kings reign... by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice." (Prov. 8:15,16) "Give ear you that rule the people ... for power is given you of the Lord and strength by the most High." (Wisdom 6:3,4) "Over every nation he hath set a ruler." (Ecclesiasticus 17:14) And then Our Lord's words when before Pilate: "Thou shouldst not have any power against me unless it were



"Thou shouldst not have any power against me unless it were given thee from above" (John 19:11).

given thee from above." (John 19:11) The Holy Father followed this last quotation with its explanation by St. Augustine: "Let us learn what He said, which also He taught by His Apostle, that there is no power but from God." This Apostle, St. Paul, told the Romans (Romans 13:1,4) that "There is no power but from God ... The prince is the minister of God." Pope Leo, as if the above documentation were not sufficient, then continues by quoting

the Fathers of the Church. St. Augustine: "We do not attribute the power of giving government and empires to any but the true God." St. John Chrysostom: "That there are kingdoms, and that some rule, while others are subject, and that none of these things are brought about by accident or rashly ... is, I say, a work of divine wisdom." St. Gregory the Great: "We confess that power is given from above to emperors and kings." The Pope makes it exceedingly plain that "a society can neither exist nor be conceived in which there is no one to govern the wills of individuals, in such a way as to make, as it were, one will out of many, and to impel them rightly and orderly to the common good; therefore, God has willed that in a civil society there should be someone to rule the multitude ... But no man has in himself or of himself the power of constraining the free will of others by fetters of authority of this kind. This power resides solely in God, the Creator and Legislator of all things; and it is necessary that those who exercise it should do so as having received it from God." St. Peter confirms the teachings of St. Paul in this matter when he says (I Pet. 2:13,15): "Be ye subject, therefore, to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the king as excelling, or to governors, as sent by him for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of the good, for so is the will of God."

"The one only reason which men have for not obeying is when any-

thing is demanded of them which is so openly repugnant to the natural or the divine law, for it is equally unlawful to command and to do anything in which the law of nature or the will of God is violated ... 'We ought to obey God rather than man.'" (Acts 5:29) Here the Holy Father makes it clear that not only are administrators of government laid under the necessity of obeying the will of God and the justice of the natural law, but that also the citizen body rests under a similar obligation. God has set forth rules for man's civil behavior as well as for his religious behavior. After all, the State is but a form of creation and must therefore be subject to the divine and natural law.

Today many of us Christians wage a valiant fight to repel the pagan ideal of the civil order without knowing exactly what constitutes the form of the moral ideal. We often are confused because we permit ourselves to fall prey to the modernistic teaching that government's power and authority originate in the governed. As a result, we frequently fail to strike out vigorously against erroneous political theories for fear of being "undemocratic." Hence we join Modernism's fight against the moral order. Yet we need not remain confused. The pattern we should follow is clearly set forth in the Social Encyclicals.

God did not intend that justice in the civil order should be a product of evolution. The pattern which must

govern a happy civil order is a part of the Eternal Law and therefore was born concurrently with creation. The achievement of peace, happiness and justice in world society is really a very simple thing, even though we persist in deluding ourselves by thinking it is a most complicated and nearly unachievable matter. Just imagine how quickly the world's political and economic injustices, and the strife and bloodshed which result from them, would disappear should the leaders of the great powers sit in their UN conferences with God's will for all His human family in mind. Instead of settling matters in accordance with what Russia, Great Britain, the United States, Economic Imperialism, Big Business, World Cartels, and other powerforces may want to satisfy their selfish lusts, suppose the world's political leaders should plan their deals and adjustments in accordance with what God wants. Since God wills no evil, no injustice, wouldn't society be immediately happy should it decide to follow God's will?

Is it too much to ask that in God's world man cease to place his will above that of God? Is it any wonder that our society is devastatingly messed-up when man insists that the power behind the authority to administer civil affairs rests solely in him and his selfish desires? As Leo reminds us: "It is a public crime to act as though there were no God." Crimes of any nature are always punished by one law or another.

Fiction and People

"Some people look down upon fiction and consider it trifling. They talk as though facts were the only important things in life, and put history, biography and science higher. But history and biography also contain fiction. In fact, someone has defined history as fiction agreed upon.

Just as there is a certain amount of fiction in the fact books, so there is a vast amount of truth in good fiction. The fiction writer is trying to interest us in persons more or less obscure, more or less unknown. A novelist who takes his art seriously is a great preacher of human sympathy and human understanding."

Rupert Hughes

Like a far reaching network, the League of Shut-in Sodalists daily enters the lives of the crippled, handicapped and infirm for the purpose of teaching them the value of suffering and assisting them along the difficult road of Calvary.

Growing out of a dream, this apostolate, that now extends into 30 states, Canada and England, had a

ALONG CALVARY'S WAY...

humble beginning. On New Year's Day, 1944, the Reverend James L. McShane, S.J., stopped at my room in St. Joseph's Hospital, Sioux City, Iowa, where I had been an arthritis patient for four years. During our conversation Father, who was conducting a retreat for the nurses, mentioned the Sodality of Our Lady, a subject that was a touchspring for long pent up desires.

At the time my illness caused me to leave high school, a sodality had not been established in my parish school. After being admitted to the hospital, I noticed what an active part the sodality played in the lives of the nurses, and began secretly to regret not being included in this devotion to Mary. Why, I asked my visitor, couldn't there be a Sodality for the sick?

From that conversation, the "League of Shut-in Sodalists" was born. Before Father McShane left the city, he enrolled me as a Sodalist and encouraged me to work out a detailed plan for a sodality for the sick, sending it on completion to the Reverend Roger Lyons, S.J., at Sodality headquarters, St. Louis.

Months of corresponding, waiting, and hoping passed. At last I was advised that we could not use the word "Sodality," as it means a specific meeting of its members. It was suggested, however, that a



OUR LADY OF FATIMA
OUR PATRONESS

league of invalid sodalists could be formed without being confined to either parish or diocesan boundaries.

One goal had been reached; I knew in what direction I was going. While I had been waiting for this definite word, four other young shut-ins, three arthritics, one spastic, and I formed what was to be the aim of our organization. This schedule, dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows, consisted of seven promises:

1. To be resigned to God's Will in sickness and in health.
2. To daily consecrate my sufferings and disappointments to Our Lady in loving honor of, in reparation for, and in union with the Passion and Death of her Beloved Son.
3. To set aside one day each month in special honor of Our Lady of Fatima, our patroness.
4. To dedicate four Sundays of each month as follows:
 - a. Sick Sunday: For the sick and dying, and especially for sick sodalists.
 - b. Mission Sunday: Pray for those laboring in the mission fields, and for the priests that they may garner a great host of souls for Christ.
 - c. Holy Father Sunday: For all his intentions.
 - d. Souls Sunday: For the souls in purgatory, fallen-away Catholics, weak converts and sinners.
5. To spend fifteen minutes a day in mental prayer.
6. To say a rosary each week for those killed in the war, for a lasting peace, and the conversion of Russia.
7. To recite each day the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi.

Next came the choice of a spiritual director, and again Father McShane came to the rescue. At his suggestion, I wrote to Rev. T. J. Schulte, S. J., of Regis College, Denver, and asked if he would take over the spiritual guidance of our very new, and very small, apostolate. Father Schulte, whose legs have been amputated, consented. On April 15, 1945, Bishop Edmund Heelan, Sioux City, officially approved the League of Shut-in Sodalists, and appointed Father Schulte its moderator.

That same month marked the appearance of *Seconds Sanctified*, mimeographed newssheet containing articles by the other charter members and myself. Through the paper (now printed), the members become



MARY ELLEN
KELLY

THE GRAIL

acquainted with one another, and find solace and encouragement in it.

In safe waters at last, my dream sailed along. Soon a group called the Friends of the League was set up for shut-ins who have never been, or are unable to be, enrolled in the Sodality of Our Lady. This associate group welcomes all shut-ins.

As the letters regarding our League started coming in, I began to realize how vast was God's army of sufferers. The courage, resignation and patience that spoke from those pages showed me the power of God's love more vividly than the most eloquent sermon could have done. What but His love and the desire to serve Him could bring a smile to the lips of a man whose legs are gone, whose arms are useless, whose ears hear no sound, and whose eyes see no light? What indeed? Lawrence Sullivan of Omaha, Nebraska, finds it easy to smile.

There is also Mary Ellen Tucker, St. Louis, 27 year-old Negress, who, despite the loss of her legs and a paralyzed arm, states firmly: "I have so much to be thankful for—God loves me and I love him."

And there is the young Chicago girl who contracted tuberculosis shortly after entering the convent. After two years of hopeful waiting, she has recently been told that her lung must be collapsed. "This news rather puts an end to some of my favorite dreams," she wrote me. "But I guess if that's the way God wants it, I'll have to accept."

Not all are blessed with this ideal attitude; that's where the League comes in. A blind member has found immeasurable courage from reading—or having someone read to him—in *Seconds Sanctified*, about others who no longer know the pleasure of walking through autumn leaves or fleecy snow. A Georgia boy who never walked read of an Iowa man, the father of five small children, whose days are spent in agonizing pain, and was thankful God has been so good to him. That same Iowan, Robert Altimus of Sioux City, explains how the league has helped him:

"Knowing that the Shut-ins' prayers are with me makes me feel

close to them. We live in a world all our own and our unity has given me courage. Each letter showed me that I was not alone; that there were many others who were worse off than I was. If they could cheerfully bear their cross, then who was I to deny God's will?"

Comparison is one of the commonest of human traits. In the case of the handicapped and the sick, it almost invariably results in making the individual thankful that his cross is what it is. God's ways are mysterious; often this method of comparison leads to a greater resignation and the realization—important to chronic sufferers—that things could be worse.



With this attitude as a basis, *Seconds Sanctified* goes on to recommend pious practices, reminding the members of their obligations to Christ Crucified. Prayer, our only weapon against evil, is stressed, as witness these phrases by Mary Murray, Providence, Rhode Island, in the February issue:

"Communism is a giant octopus, crouching there in Moscow, and reaching out its tentacles over the whole world, sucking one country after the other into its grasp. It enslaves the mind, the spirit, the body, and then the soul.. The present head of the Communist party in this country, William Z. Foster, is also a former Catholic. We who are close to Christ must

pray earnestly for his conversion. We have promised to offer a rosary each week for the conversion of Russia, but now we must double our efforts to help bring about the fulfillment of our Lady's promise."

Converts have played a significant role in our organization. Eugene Begley, 26 year-old, London, Kentucky youth, stirred many of us from a smug complacency with his well received article entitled, "The Land of Truth:"

"While in a C.C.C. camp at Fort Knox, I met a few Catholics, but never asked any questions of them because I had the false idea that theirs was a secret organization. However, I admired their loyalty to their Church, because they were so efficient in not letting us non-Catholics know anything about their religion. Had they given me half a chance they very likely would have had a new member then." Continuing, he states: "The age of 20 found me in a hospital with T.B., the walls of my false philosophy crumbling around me. Then one day a minister brought me some religious periodicals. One contained an article that named Monsignor Fulton Sheen a fascist. I decided to tune him in to find out what a fascist was. After listening to him a few times, I decided that if he was a fascist, America needed a lot more of them. I began to consider becoming one myself." Of his reception, Eugene adds: "No words can fully describe the great and glorious adventure of traveling from the land of darkness, doubts and confusion, into the land of light, truth and faith."

In God's infinite wisdom, we have been chosen to forego the pleasures of a normal life for the purpose of carrying on where Christ's Passion left off. Ours is not a simple task. This road to Calvary is a tiresome journey, filled with monotony, pain, and broken dreams. But in the unity that is strength, we in the League are trying to help each other realize that no sacrifice is too great for the Blessed Christ, Who said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself."



Planned Babies are nothing new to Clara and Herman Schlegel. Years ago they planned their babies. And praise for parents of such planned babies can well be sung. Shocking? Not at all. Their method was not the modern one—but one tuned to the *rosary*.

Herman and Clara live on a 40 acre farm at Rogers, Minnesota. They first met when they were toddlers and lived on neighboring farms, within five miles of each other to be exact, both of families numbering *eight children*.

Neighboring and gay gatherings brought them together, and jolly picnics; finally courting. Then on September 22, 1915, in the same Church in which they had been baptized and received their First Communion, they were married. They loved the country life and settled on a farm between their childhood homes.

Land-toilers live a laborious life. Herman and Clara at day's end were zestful for well-earned relaxation. As the day dimmed they turned up the wicks of kerosene lamps and lighted them. When the kerosene was low they lighted candles. Then they adjusted the ear phones of their prized radio (one of the first) and listened. The leisure mood prompted by weariness soon brought into their lamplighted kitchen miracles of voices and sounds.

The weeks radiated into months. Their first child was born. They christened her, Adelaide. Soon, another baby was on its way. It was a boy. They christened him, Vincent. The added work of two babies along with the farm chores kept Clara busier than ever before. There was sewing to be done—or a search through the catalogue, paging for the best buy in a bolt of cloth. Herman listened through the ear phones. Repeated what he heard to Clara. But when she could, she took the ear phones.

One evening she clipped them to her ears and dropped wearily into the rocker. Someone was singing. It soothed her mysteriously. She settled more comfortably. The

Adelaide
Vincent
Evangeline
Margaret
Angela
Romona
Violet
Armand



FAMILY



words seemed suddenly familiar... "Ave ... Maria ..."—why—it was the Hail Mary! She had never heard it sung before. Her being thrilled and glowed with the hymn. Excitedly she pushed the ear phones to Herman. Told him to listen. He said it was beautiful. "Still singing," he smiled, "listen ..." Clara listened. The music lifted her up and away from weariness. The pressing tasks of the morrow were forgotten. Like birds soaring, her thoughts arose and followed each word of the songful prayer.

From then on the ear phones were more precious than ever. Each time she clamped them on there was a keenness of expectancy, of happy anticipation. She *might* hear again the hymn sweet on the air. And, she did hear it! Every time it reached her ears it was sweeter.

One night she sat listening. She was extremely tired—and quite conscious that she was carrying another baby beneath her heart. To hear the *Ave Maria* this night would be a solace and a delight. Her thoughts were divided. They went from babies to the hymn—from the baby-to-be to the other babies, and back again to the hymn. "Adelaide ... Vincent ... Ave Maria ... and now another one ... Adelaide, Vincent, what would they name the new baby? ... Ave Maria ..." Afterwards she wasn't sure when the hymn began or if she heard it end. And what happened was more than the enchantment of candlelight and evening dreaming. It was more like a miraculous blending as the ear phones captured the hymn and released it to mingle with the baby thoughts. "Adelaide ... A for Adelaide ... V for Vincent ... if the name of the next infant started with an E the letters would spell *Ave*! *Joy of joys*." She tingled with the knowledge. Eagerly she spilled her rare find to Herman. "A, V, and an E for the next," she explained, "would spell *Ave*—a child for each of the first three Hail Marys of the rosary." They planned from there on. God, so willing, they would give each child thereafter a name commencing with the letters of *Maria* until they spelled *Maria*. Their

would be an *Ave Maria* family. A child to mark each decade of the rosary. And more. If God so desired, they would begin another rosary when the first was completed—perhaps they might be privileged to have a baby for each of the fifteen mysteries. They agreed nothing could be more wonderful and exciting than an *Ave Maria* family. Nothing more beautiful and pleasing to God.

There was new joy in their every task; now an aura about their every thought. An *Ave Maria* family! Who wouldn't quicken with the thought of it?

When the third baby arrived they named her Evangeline. Next, came

ments of all kinds were no strangers to them—but with the blessed help of the Lord, whatever the need, it was met every time.

With eight children on the farm to help we *could* believe there was no labor shortage at the Schlegels. Let Herman and Clara stew over a fair and firm price policy for farmers, cropping plans and constant changes, they at least had help in turns of eight to keep expenses down. Now this could have been had the Schlegels been content to send their children to the country school. But not the Schlegels! Their youngsters must have a *Catholic* education. This meant plenty of extra work for Herman

From the first snow and subsequent snows, the ground is surfaced. Snow remains, often needing the late spring sun and rains to thaw and moisten it before every trace of it disappears. One can readily see how getting children to school in such weather would present real hardship, but Clara gathered her chicks, and off they went. Children, along the road on the way to the same school, were picked up and whisked along too. Very few days did Clara miss getting the children to school.

Jolly were the home-goings. Rampant visions of the country kitchen oozing with tantalizing yummy-yum smells and goodies beckoned. The children, however, had a yen for



Vincent, Mrs. Schlegel, Armond, Ivo, Romona, Mr. Schlegel, Margaret, Adelaide, and Angela.

Margaret. Next, Angela. Next, Romona. Then was born, Ivo, and later, Armond.

In the farm home, thoroughly Catholic, these marvelously planned babies grew. Normal, healthful outlets for youthful energies abounded, but there was prayer-hour and church-hour. And for Clara and Herman repeated reminders that with all their planning, *God was the Supreme Planner.*

There were better times, and hard ones, for the Schlegels. Joys as luscious as the harvest when fruitful, and hardships as barren as unproductive soil in capricious weather. Hospitals, operations, ail-

and Clara. Especially for Clara. She took the children to and fro each day to school. They went early enough to attend daily Mass. In spring and early summer it was quite easy. The skies shown azure, the earth turned green with verdure, and flowers nodded bright-hued heads. But in winter when the skies dulled to slate color, the yellow wheat fields were brown with stubble, when crusty frost lay thick where pumpkins had been, and *snows came early* as they do in Rogers, roads were difficult. Very often sleet and ice were their daily companions. Always a *white Christmas*. There, *snows melt slowly.*

spiritual food as well as bodily nourishment. One day when Adelaide was nine years old she announced upon her arrival from school, "Let's make a novena to all the saints on the Catholic calendar." And they started one that very day. With the first day they included the names of the saints following the eight days. Invoked the names and added, "pray for us." By dropping one saint's name and inserting another, the novena clocked the calendar. It remains a daily practice at the Schlegels. The family rosary is also recited daily—often on the road as the family rides. Birthdays are made much over. Celebrations

are merry. Holidays are happy, but the memory of one of the happiest is the Christmas of 1918 when the family was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

As the children grew older, vocations were considered. So many parents would have said, "We need your help on the farm." But not Herman and Clara. They recognized it is every child's birthright to cultivate and use talents, God-given. To complete the education of the older children in their chosen vocations, it meant boarding schools eighty-five miles, and a hundred and twenty-five miles from home. Nine months away from home each year during the school term. It was a sacrifice for Clara and Herman. Boarding schools take plenty of the *folding* money, not to mention the double harnessing on work required to get the money. But the Schlegels managed and *cheerfully* too. Adelaide is a nurse, a graduate of St. Joseph's Hospital. Vincent is a De La Salle graduate. (He was in Japan on VJ Day.) Evangeline slipped away and joined the angels when a little child. Margaret is a nurse, a graduate of St. Mary's Hospital. Angela and Romona are students at the Academy of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Ivo and Armond are pupils at Saint Walburga's Grade School.

With the vast amount of work and expense Herman and Clara shoulder, it is natural to suppose such things could be offered as excellent excuses—to refuse—when the children asked that neighbors or chums might join them for a week-end or summer vacation. But the Schlegels offered no such excuses. Their interests extend *outside* their immediate family circle. They welcomed the children wholeheartedly. The *family* never got too big for them. Sometimes the Schlegel children visited their friends' homes. And all this, mind you, in a community mostly Lutheran and Evangelical. It proves

people of various denominations can get along happily together.

Nor was the Schlegels' interest confined to their children's chums. Catholic-hearted, sympathetic to the less fortunate, for ten summers they had one or more children from the city, of mothers who were obliged to work. "Always there was enough room," said Clara, "and enough to eat."



BY

ANN

MCGARVEY



During the war Clara's interest branched out to the Bond drives. While Vincent earned a Captaincy in the Air Corps and piloted newsmen and photographers, Clara worked as a Captain in the drives. She donated blood seven times. She wrote to homeless soldiers. And we know many a package and gift went to them from her. And how often she must have been whipped out and feeling far from well when she did some of these things. Yes she found time each year to attend the lay-

women's retreat—a precious three days at Good Counsel Academy.

At the moment she is getting ready to welcome a grandchild—(Vincent was married to a lovely nurse more than a year ago) which presents a question. Will the new baby be an *outside* interest? No argument to that. Nor is there any argument that Herman has an *outside* interest that is *definitely* outside. A hobby? Could be. He paints! The younger boys like to paint too. In summer the three of them set out together to renovate and brighten with brushes and paints.

So—life is lived in the Schlegel Ave Maria Family. Prayer is their guide, Clara says, trust in God their success. Willingly, she admits, would she have completed another or all of the rosary mysteries with babies, but God sent no more after the eighth child. What unselfish laborers in the vineyard of the Lord! *An Ave Maria Family.* Around the rosary. No rush matter on a wink—nor yet a marriage miracle—but *planned* babies. A magnificent idea translated into beings to love and honor God. Farm workers plowing and planting. Theirs was indeed fruitful speculation. How erroneous the saying—farmers cannot look ahead! The Schlegels *looked ahead*, and will *continue* to look ahead. Repairs and renewals will come; crops may be ruined, but whatever the future brings, they are confident of God's help for having honored His Son's Blessed Mother.

And they could even *dare* to look further ahead. Surely such production—in giving a *living* rosary to Mary—they could feel pretty sure it will enable them to pay off to God their debt for Heaven. A trifle optimistic? It doesn't seem so. A *living rosary*. Think of it. What a powerful pleader it is for *more Ave Maria families*—peak of perfection for planned babies!



LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE

JACK H. MALONEY



Well, I don't deny it bothered me the first couple of times I got half-way through the story and somebody kind of slapped me on the back and said: "Why, I know that story. Why, that happened to old Mrs. So-and-So."

But you know how it is when you got a good story that you tell a lot. It gets to be sort of a habit with you. Maybe you do tell it to the same fellow twice, accidentally; and he gets it mixed up with another story and, sooner or later, it comes back to you. Well, now, that's easy to understand when it's somebody that lives right here around town, that you're running into all the while and has probably heard you tell the story before.

But yesterday the fellow that stopped me was a salesman from Houston, Texas, that I never heard tell of before yesterday. But he up and says he knows the story well, on account of it happened to an aunt of his up in Waco—that's another place in Texas, I guess—and he said it was certainly funny how the story got away out here at York State.

Well, now, you could see this fellow was mistaken, because this is right where the story happened; not in Waco, or whatever it is, Texas, or some other place like that.

And all I can say is "lightning never strikes twice in the same place." That's a pretty good saying, on account of after lightning generally hits a place, it doesn't leave much there to aim at the second time. Like our Methodist Church steeple which got hit last August. Why, there wasn't enough left of the steeple to start the Church furnace last fall; and that's not just a fancy way of saying things, because old Charley Dibble, the sexton for the Methodists, told me so, himself, "though he kind of hinted that maybe some of the neighbors helped themselves to the kindling. But, with the lumber shortage and all, the Methodists couldn't get enough wood to build a new steeple, so they just shingled over the hole where the steeple was. But what I mean is, that lightning certainly would have a tough time hitting the Methodist Church steeple a second time, on account of there isn't any more Methodist Church steeple. And that kind of proves

there's a lot of sense in some of these old sayings.

Like the one about "blood being thicker than water," and that's probably about the only reason for writing all this, and that's to make it clear, once and for all, that it was my grandmother who did it—not every other grandmother in the United States of America, or Martha Washington, or the Queen of Sheba. Not that any of those last two would probably have done it, anyhow, on account of they were not Catholics in the first place. And you could see, if you knew the story, how only a Catholic would be doing it, anyhow.

I wouldn't be so heated up about it, only it was one of my best stories, even better on account of it was a true story, even if it was kind of funny. Of course, some of the family used to roll up their eyes and say that it was sacrilegious and better off forgotten, along with Aunt Sophie's separation from Uncle Edward, and a couple of other things we don't talk about much, except among ourselves. But I have it straight from my grandmother herself, that it was not sacrilegious,

and she had it from Father O'Donnely, who said that it wasn't.

"Like to die laughing, he was," she said, when she told him. And he had to see the sheets and the wall-paper and the clothes the kids wore, before he'd believe her.

"Sure, it's all right, May," he said to her. "So long as your faith was strong—and if it was as strong as the water you used, yours is the strongest in the parish!"

"But should I confess it, Father?" she asked, for he was as strict about confessing enough as he was quick about seeing a joke. And she told me he said he didn't think she should tell a story like that one in the confessional because she might run into one of the other Fathers, and there'd be no telling what would happen, with some of the young Fathers not so well-trained as himself in maintaining their reverence in the face of strong odds.

"I think you can forget about it, May," he said. "Though there might be some little religious technicality of a kind only a monsignor or a bishop could figure out, as to whether you blessed them or bleached them. But in the Name of God, woman," he asked, "could you tell me why you keep the Holy Water in the medicine chest?"

Where she put the Holy Water was none of his business, she told him begging his pardon; and that she was of the mind that Holy Water was as much of an emergency medicine as iodine, and where else would a person keep iodine or blueing bleach that was dangerous to children, but in the medicine chest?

Now that's the way she told me the story, and you can see from that, and how she remembered talking about it with Father O'Donnely, that it isn't just a made-up story I heard someplace else, and fixed it up for my own family, like some of those fellows kind of hinted I did. And not alone that, but the kids in the story—not that they are kids, anymore, with all of them a lot more grown up than me, and that's only natural on account of they are all my aunts and uncles—why, I'd had

the same story from them. That is, from those of them old enough to remember, and those that weren't, kind of think they remembered, anyhow, like folks will, hearing a story told so often.

Why, I even know the date that it happened on, and it would be kind of hard to think up something like that. Only I never usually bother telling the date when I tell the story. But I could, if I wanted to. It was on August 16, 1898, and I know that because it was Aunt Mary's tenth birthday and she's just now 58. And not a bit sensitive about it, like some of the others who are scrapping all the while about which one is the youngest, 'though what good that does, I can't see, with all the ages marked down plain as the nose on your face in the family Bible. Not that they could check on that, though, on account of my grandmother keeps it in a safe-deposit box down to the First National bank—to keep peace in the family, she says.

Well, there isn't much to the story, 'though it's kind of funny, and that's why I get such a kick out of telling it, now and again—that is, when I get the opening. And that's the important part, I say, to any story you tell. You got to have the right opening. Now if everybody was talking about baseball, or politics, or something like that, why I'd sound kind of like a fool to start off with this story, on account of that wouldn't be the right place for it. But if somebody was to mention that it looked like a storm was brewing, or said something about thunder and lightning—why, that would be different. Now in a case like that I'd start thinking about how scared my grandmother used to be of lightning, and nothing would be more natural than for me to start out on the story of what happened to her and her kids—that is, my aunts and uncles—that August night when one of our regular summer lightning storms came cracking and busting up the valley.

I don't believe there ever was anybody who was as scared of lightning as my grandmother. And it was

odd, too, on account of she was a pretty rugged female and there wasn't a thing in the world she was afraid of. That is, except lightning. But on lightning there was just no reasoning with her. She had a regular system worked out when storms came up, and she held to it just like a golf player does to his stance and his grip and all that sort of thing.

She'd hustle everybody off to bed, especially if the storm was at night, or near it, and she'd blow out the lamps, for fear the metal of them would draw the lightning. And you could never tell her that the lightning wouldn't need lamplight to see the metal if it wanted to hit it. She'd look you straight in the eye, and when my grandmother looked you straight in the eye, brother, you got looked at! And she'd say as how she'd been hiding the scissors and blowing out the lamps for fifty years and she'd never been hit by lightning yet, so there must be something to it.

But after she blew out the lamps she'd turn around and light up the Holy Candle, if she hadn't forgotten where she put it and then, if she wasn't too scared she'd start saying some prayers. But when the lightning got sharper and she got good and scared she didn't bother with prayers. "Scared prayers are weaker than mush," she used to say. And at times like that she'd leave off her praying and start on a run for the Holy Water to sprinkle around.

Well, this storm I'm talking about was a humdinger of a storm, to hear my grandmother tell about it, and how the next day Main Street from the grist-mill at one end to the depot at the other, was full of fallen trees and strips of tin from roofs. When I was little she used to point out to me where some of the big elms that went down that night used to stand before the storm knocked them down.

This August night the storm came roaring up the river with a gust of wind ahead of it just as Aunt Mary's birthday party was breaking up; and my grandmother got the neighbors' kids out the door and her

own in bed in less time than it takes to tell about it. And by the time she had the lamps out and the candle lit the lightning was flashing that bad she went on a stumble-run for the Holy Water, and the wind of her going blew out the candle and there she was, in the dark, without another match in her apron. And with the old house shaking with the thunder and the valley outside bright as day with the chain flashes she just blundered to the medicine chest for the Holy Water.

But, she used to say, it was almost like a miracle the way the storm seemed to pass right over after she emptied the bottle. A few last rumbles of thunder off in the distance and a couple of half-hearted streaks of lightning over the brow of the hill and then the wind died down and the rain came. And she sank back on the tete near the window, exhausted from worrying. And the next thing she knew it was morning and the sun was shining in; and she knew right away she'd

kindling, but one look at the blue splotches on his face and she had him stretched out on the tete, feeling his forehead for the fever and yanking out his tongue for a look at its coating, with Uncle Ed all the while yelling he never felt better in his life.

Her wrestling with Ed woke the rest of the kids and they came tumbling out to see what was up. And with a look at the rest of them, all with the same blue splotches all over them, it was a terrified woman



By the time she got back to the bedrooms, the kids were all sound asleep, so she just poured her hand full from the bottle and sprinkled them. Sprinkled them good, because the lightning was getting worse all the while and she decided this was no time to be saving with the Holy Water; and that if a little was good, a lot would be better. And in spite of the drenching, she never woke one of them and with the storm crashing on she sprinkled them again and again, until there were just drops left in the bottle she held in her hand in the darkness.

"Just look at the bottle!" the kids all yelled.

fallen asleep and slept the whole night through right there on the tete.

And while she was yawning there half asleep and half awake, thinking about breakfast and wondering if Uncle Ed had got in the kindling for the fire like he was supposed to, but like he seldom did, Uncle Ed, himself, came walking out of the boys' bedroom, rubbing his eyes.

She started to ask him about the

that sat back on the tete and tried to calm herself down. There was no disease that she could think of that came with blue splotches, but she knew it was something terrible and beyond her medicine book, and that old Doc Garvey would have to be got.

So she lined them all up on the tete under a blanket and talked stern to Aunt Margaret, who was the oldest one, that she would be in charge while she, herself, would go after the doctor and for all of them not to be scared. And then, like she always did, to make sure they under-

stood, she asked them if there was anything they wanted to ask?

And Aunt Margaret said:

"Yes, ma. Could I ask if you got it, too? Your hands are all blue."

And my grandmother looked down at her hands and, sure enough, it was like Aunt Margaret said, they were covered with the same blue splotches, only more so. For a minute she was frantic, thinking that they all had the awful disease, whatever it was, and she could think of no one to get in to take care of the lot of them if she fell sick herself. And then all the kids started up laughing at once. That shook her out of it, and she tried to calm them down, thinking the laughing was some kind of hysterical symptom. But the more she tried to shush them, the louder they laughed, and finally, one of them went over to the stand where she'd laid down the bottle and held the bottle up in front of her.

"Just look at the bottle!" the kids all yelled.

And one look at the label and she started laughing with them, half at the joke of it and half with relief. But then she suddenly thought how maybe it might be sacrilegious. And it was then she asked Father O'Donnelly in, so she could explain it to him and ask him did he think it was sacrilegious, that by kind of an accident she'd sprinkled the family with washing blueing, instead of Holy Water.

Well, I guess you can see right straight off what happened, on account of the story explains it, almost. You see, she always kept the Holy Water in the Medicine chest, like she told Father O'Donnelly, because to her way of thinking Holy Water was just as much of an emergency medicine as iodine or anything else. And it was there in the chest that she kept the washing blueing, too, for fear it was poison and it was a good place to keep it from the kids for they knew better than to go near the medicine chest, or they'd got their rear ends smacked. And when my grandmother smacked a

ly smacked, I can tell you; and I know what I am talking about.

So when the storm came up that night and she rushed out to the medicine chest in the dark to get the Holy Water, it was kind of a natural mistake for her to grab the blueing bottle. And that was how her hands got blue and how the kids got speckled when she sprinkled the stuff on them in the dark, thinking she was blessing them with Holy Water. Only it was like Father O'Donnelly kind of joked with her—she bleached them more than she blessed them.

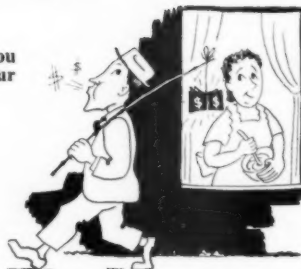
Well, you can see from that, that the story isn't some kind of a made-up, artificial story I heard someplace else; but just one of our own family

stories, even if it is kind of funny. And I guess you can understand how it kind of gets me hot under my collar when I tell the story and somebody pops up and stops me and says he knows the story, and that's just what happened to his grandmother, or somebody that lived next door to him away over on the other side of the country. Well, all I can say is, I don't believe lightning strikes twice in the same place, and I sure have got the facts that this story happened right here in town, right down at my grandmother's house, and that it was my grandmother that blessed my aunts and uncles with blueing water. But you see it was just by mistake and there was nothing sacrilegious about it.



In Sarasota, to swim in a bathing suit on a main street is to invite arrest. But to swim on any main street, except during a flood, is quite a feat.

A State law insists that you must not hire away your neighbor's cook.



The porter on Florida trains should not brush you, and neither should you brush yourself on board, because there's a law stating that you must go outside to brush or be brushed.

THE QUEST



FOR TRUTH

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

DEATH—THE DIVIDER

Recently I lost my wife after a happy life of 40 years together. I cannot seem to become reconciled to it. It seems that I have died as well as she. Is this all terribly wrong?—Kentucky.

You would be less than human if you felt otherwise, for when man and wife truly love one another they in a real sense become not only two in one flesh, but their hearts and minds are knit so closely to one another that they think, and feel and react to one another like a finely attuned violin to the master who plays it. They are one. After you have invested so much of yourself for forty years in your dear wife it is no wonder that the separation of death does violence to your whole being; for she who was part of you is now gone into her eternity. It is no fun to be the survivor of a relationship as close and tender as a happy marriage. Recently there appeared in the Saturday Evening Post a poem by Harold Willard Gleason which aptly expresses your sense of loss: It is entitled: "Survivor."

*They had lived so long together
Sixty years since they were wed—
When she died, he wondered whether
She or he himself was dead.*

Your consolation now will be to remember that each moment of life you are hastening as fast as your heart can beat to reunion with her who was part of you and still is. It is true that death separates us from all here below, and unites us with God, if we are well prepared, but it also unites us again with our loved ones who have gone before us, as the canon of the Mass so eloquently says, "signed with the sign of faith, and who sleep the sleep of peace."

MATRIMONIAL CONSENT FOR VALID MARRIAGE

Ten years ago a Catholic woman was married by the priest at the rectory to a Non-Catholic man. According to her she expressed her wish before and during the marriage ceremony that she did not wish to be married, and almost left during the performance of the marriage rite. Although the couple have two children, ages 8 and 5, and lived together for five years, she says that she has never considered him as her husband; she also says that she has heard him express this same thought more than once. During the past five years the man has been in the army, and now refuses to come home because it would hinder his going

out with other women. May this unhappy Catholic woman get a divorce from this man and remarry in the Church?—New Jersey.

Whatever opinion was expressed or decision made after the marriage rite was celebrated in no way can render this marriage invalid; the important question concerns the matrimonial consent of the contracting parties at the time of this marriage. According to canon 1086 there is never a valid marriage if this matrimonial consent is not given expressly so that witnesses can see or hear it; also in all cases the interior consent of the will to marriage is presumed to correspond with the words or signs used in the rite to express consent. If this Catholic woman—as you say—seriously expressed her lack of consent during the ceremony of marriage, surely it would have been noticed by the priest or witnesses and the rite would have been stopped right there. So long as the woman and man expressed the marriage consent before witnesses during the rite of marriage, the validity of the marriage is to be accepted unless the wife can produce evidence that she was forced into the union under pressure of grave fear which was unjustly used against her by some one. Canon 1087. The following example may

make the case clear to you. If a man buys a radio he makes a contract with the dealer to give money for the radio he receives. If, after five years he comes to the dealer and says: "While I was buying this radio five years ago I did not want to buy it, and I refused my consent to the deal; therefore the deal is off. Take back your radio and give me my seventy-five dollars," what do you think a jury would say? If the Catholic woman has serious evidence on hand to prove that she was forced into this union she would do well to present her case to the pastor of the place where she lives, and he will advise her whether or not it should be introduced into the diocesan matrimonial court for a decision.

DIFFICULTIES WITH PRAYER

I do not like to pray; when I can I get out of it. I feel that if I loved God more I could pray easily, but I can't just love Someone Whom I cannot see or understand. Will you please help me?—Georgia.

Suppose some morning after an almost fatal accident you found yourself lying comfortably in bed, your broken leg neatly bandaged, a smoking breakfast on the tray at your elbow, a warm and cheery fire blazing in the grate, but no one visibly present. Would you be such a fool as to come to the rash conclusion that because you could not see your kind benefactor that he did not exist; or would you say to yourself: "I cannot love my benefactor because I do not see Him face to face? Yet, every morning we awaken in a world surrounded by every sign of the loving providence of a Divine Benefactor. Once again the gift of life has been given to us anew; at the breakfast table appears the fruits of God's loving bounty; parents, kind friends whom God created out of nothing are at hand to befriend and help us. If the presence of God's tender daily care of us does not move us to fall on our

knees and say at least, "Thanks be to God," or "My God, I love You," then let us not forget that in the person of the lovable Infant of Bethlehem, the crucified Savior on the Cross, and the Sacred Heart in the Holy Eucharist we have no unspeakable proof of His love and closeness to us. Prayer becomes easy if we love God, and it is not hard to love God become Incarnate.

THE MEDAL OF ST. BENEDICT

Will the use of the medal of St. Benedict help me to overcome fear of the powers of darkness here in my home? During the day there are strange noises not only heard by me, but also by my guests in this house; there is no possible natural explanation for them. My mother-in-law, who used to live here, was a fortune teller, and I am afraid of her powers.—Pennsylvania.

Your confidence in the medal of St. Benedict will be more than justified in your present distress. It is well to remember that whatever power the devil has is after all, only the borrowed power of a creature. Sometimes he is permitted to act rather freely in order to try the faithful children of God; we see the best example of this in the Book of Job in the Old Testament of the Bible. So powerful has the medal of St. Benedict proved in recourse against the devil and his wiles that it is often called "the devil-chasing medal." On the reverse side of this medal is a verse of prayer which may be used as a direct exorcism or invocation against the devil. The verse appears on the reverse side of the medal in the first letters of each word.

Here are the words of the invocation on the medal of St. Benedict:

*Vade Retro, Satana
Numquam Suede Mihi Vana
Sunt Mala Quae Libas
Ipse Venena Bibas*

*Get behind me, Satan
Do not tempt me with these vanities.
What you offer here is evil.
You yourself drink this poison.*

SPOIL THE ROD AND SPARE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

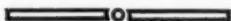
What are your views on juvenile delinquency today as compared to the time when you were a boy in knee pants and got a spanking out in the wood shed for playing hookey from school or smoking on the sly?—Missouri.

My views have changed. The boy who has just had the seat of his pants warmed for some good reason, is unable to view the matter calmly; but after many years the sting in the seat of the pants is no longer a distraction from the truth that the whipping was a wholesome, if rather extreme remedy for pride and disobedience. Saint Benedict, in his Holy Rule, has some very sane views about the usefulness of corporal punishment. In chapter 30 of the Rule entitled: "How Young Boys are to be Corrected" St. Benedict lays down a rule for correcting the young boys who were studying in the monastic schools. It is a very short chapter and can be quoted here in its entirety:

"Every age and understanding should have its proper measure. Therefore, as often as boys or those who are under the age or such as cannot fully understand the nature of excommunication, commit faults, let them be punished either by severe fasting or sharp blows, in order that they may be corrected." I believe I answer your question when I say that I am in full accord with the sometime necessity of impressing the young and incorrigible by means of the rod. Perhaps if we used it for the same reason that St. Benedict did, we, as Americans, would not need to resort to the electric chair.

ST. JEROME'S ABBEY IN ROME

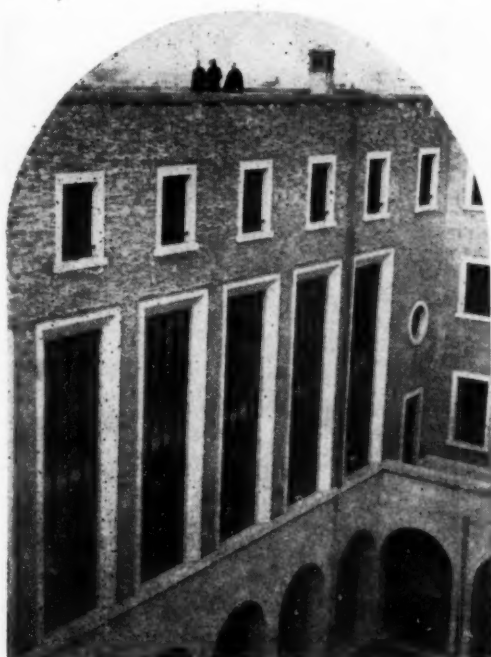
*where the Benedictines
are laboring at the
revision of the Vulgate*



St. Jerome's Abbey, known as the Vulgate Institute, was founded in 1933 by Pope Pius XI. Its chief work is to prepare a critical revision of the Latin Bible. The work was begun in 1907 under Abbot Gasquet.



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The Vulgate Institute is one of the most modern construction in the Eternal City. It was specially planned and built for the purpose. Here we see the library windows designed for practical purposes and the arcade of the courtyard.

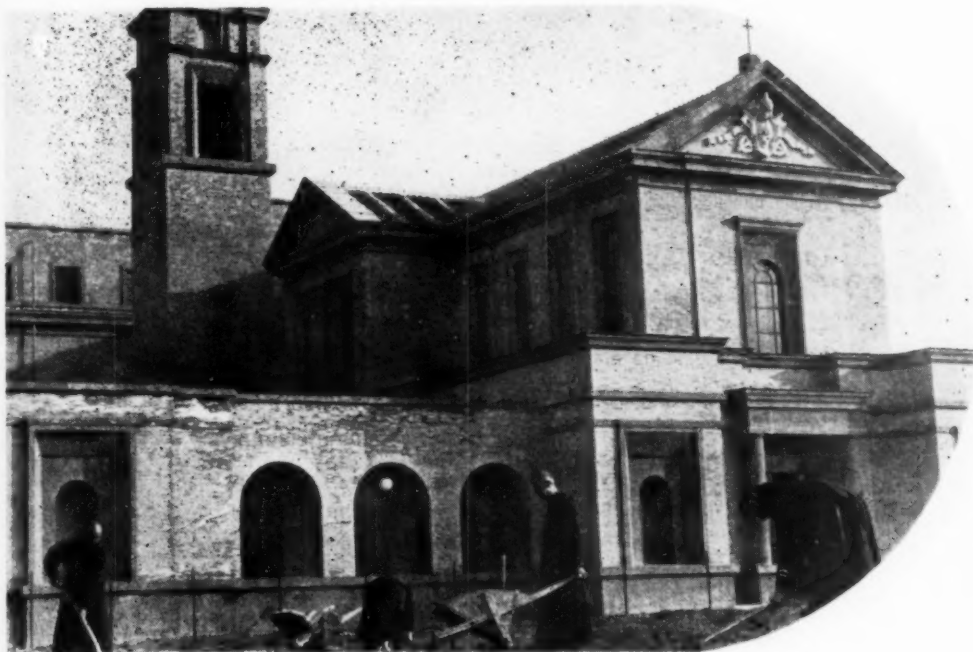
Desider Holisher

The copy of a Bible in Latin is studied by a member of the Vulgate Convent. In the fourth century St. Jerome translated the Hebrew text of the Old Testament into the Latin Vulgate. He did this work to replace all texts current at that time, including the Greek. In the course of time both the original text and St. Jerome's translation were lost. Here is one Bible which supposedly followed the text of St. Jerome, and it is studied for further findings.



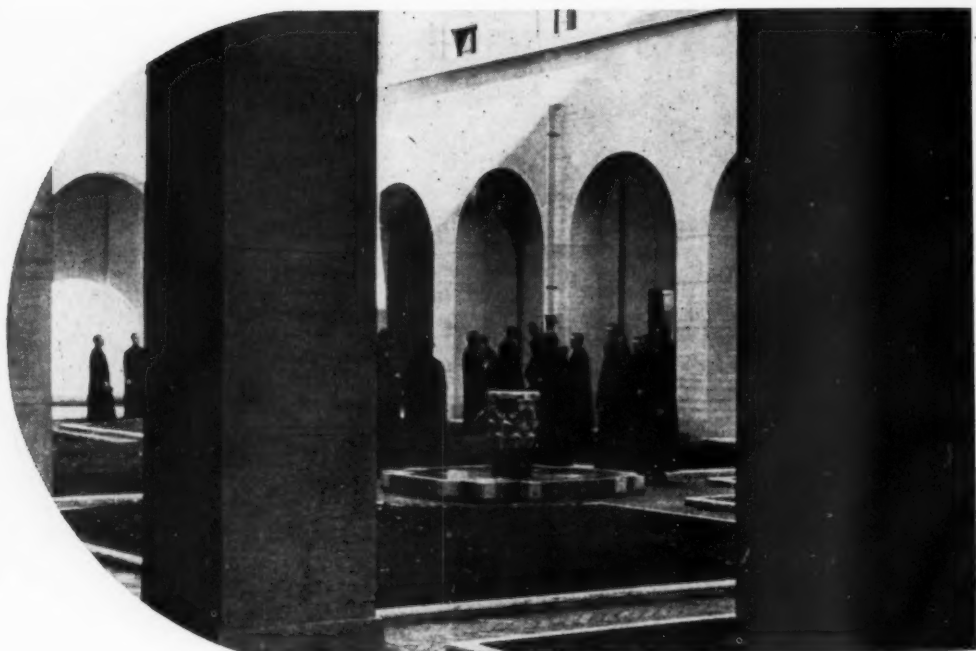
Photostat copies of over two hundred hand-written Bibles are preserved in the Vulgate Library. All Bibles which could be found all over the world have been photostated, in order to establish the original Latin Bible text which was written by St. Jerome. All the old Bibles are contained in this collection.

St. Jerome's Abbey is near the Vatican. It is a papal institution and as such exhibits the pontifical coats-of-arm. The researching Padres like to work in the gardens in leisure time.



Sixty to seventy manuscripts are compared in painstaking research in order to arrive at the original text. They are classified according to the location where they have been written and according to the date of origin. The tremendous job will take the labor of 60 to 80 years.

From the roof of the St. Jerome's Abbey the silver dome of St. Peter's can be seen. The roof with its panorama of the Eternal City is a favorite place of the Padres.



The courtyard of the abbey is filled with the scholarly monks when recreation time arrives, and instead of the Latin language in which their research is carried out, all modern languages can be heard, especially French, since among the many nationalities, a large number of Benedictine Fathers from Luxembourg participate in the Vulgate revision.

On the facade of St. Jerome's Abbey the dedication says: What once was undertaken by St. Jerome, following the wish of Pope Damasus, is now undertaken as a common task of the Sons of St. Benedict on order of Pius XI. The Pope presented to them this magnificent building as the place where they live and labor, where they dedicate themselves in peace and tranquility, to prayer and study, and where they let ripen the fruits of their efforts.



In the enormous work of revision every Bible copy is compared word by word, and sentence by sentence. Many discrepancies are found, due to erroneous translations, and to dialects used by the writers.



REBECCA PHILLIPS



A New Friend For The Birds



"It's a Daisy; see the bullets. I swapped my Scout belt to Dick for his hunting knife, then Jack swapped me his binoculars, the ones his father brought back from Europe, for the knife, and Dick swapped with me for his red express wagon, then Bobbie swapped me the air rifle for the wagon."

Stewart's Aunt Mollie looked into the excited face of the little boy and he would never have guessed her misgivings at sight of that air rifle. Aunt Mollie had been a sport every time anything new came up, in the every day life of the family, since she took over, the day Stewart's mother had to go to the hospital for a few weeks.

If she winced when she heard the words, "But Mother lets us do that," at least she never told Stewart and Meg and four year old Thad, "We were not allowed to climb up into the fruit trees, when we were chil-

dren," "We knew better than to try to ride the calf around the pasture." She just washed off grimy, cut knees and elbows, swabbed out the cuts with some of the red stuff in the little bottle on the bottom shelf of the medicine cabinet, then she got out the biscuit board and cookie cutter and made another batch of cookies.

It was just as well, perhaps, that Stewart couldn't see her face about two hours later, when he and Jack and Bobbie trailed down the alley, lined with oaks that had been there before all their families had cut away the forest and built homes in the little subdivision known as Green Acres.

Mrs. Rogers had come to her back door and was shaking her apron at them, as if she were shooping chickens away from her door step. Her voice was shrill and angry. It carried to where Aunt Mollie was cutting roses off the trellis.

"You little boys ought to be

ashamed of yourselves, shooting at the birds! It's a wonder a cop doesn't come out here and bawl you out. You get away from my place. A bird fell dead right in the yard this morning, and I know you shot him. Shame on you, you little ruffians!"

If Stewart could have looked into Aunt Mollie's face at that minute he would have seen a pair of very distressed eyes and heard her murmur, "I won't say anything to them about the gun now. I just know it's going to be the cause of a lot of trouble. When Big Stewart comes home tonight we'll have a talk at the supper table about what a dangerous weapon an air rifle can be in the hands of a careless boy. And I'll suggest they go over into the pasture and shoot at tin cans for targets. But they will have to be mighty careful, at that. I wish their father would go with them." She went back into the house with an arm full of roses.

"Aunt Mollie, Aunt Mollie," called Stewart an hour later, opening one door after another, in search of his aunt. "Oh, here you are on the porch. I heard the radio going and I thought you were in your bedroom."

"No, it was much pleasanter out here in the sun. Thought I'd sit out here and shell the beans. You like lima beans the way I fix them, with tomato sauce, don't you, Stewart? There's a radio program on, with a lot of good marches by the Post band. I left it on, so I could listen, while I shelled beans. Wouldn't you like to sit down and listen to some of the marches?"

Stewart had something on his mind and it wasn't listening to the radio. "Aunt Mollie, guess what! That Mrs. Rogers that lives three doors down the street from us is always telling us to get off her fence, that we'll make it fall down. And she won't let us hide behind her garage when we're playing Scouting. She acts like we're going to steal some of her old rakes and spades every time we go near her garage, and this morning she came out there and said, 'It's a wonder the cop doesn't drive up here and bawl you boys out about shooting the birds!' Old Fuss Cat! But Mrs. Horton—you know Mrs. Horton, in that house down at the corner, with all those tiger lilies in her yard?—well, when Mrs. Horton saw us out in the alley, Brad had the gun pointing up in a tree. This tree—I guess it really grows inside her yard, but some of its branches hang outside."

"Were you going to let Brad shoot at a bird in the branches?"

"Brad's a lot older than all of us, Aunt Mollie; he's been off to camp; I mean a real soldiers' camp... He knows how to handle a rifle. And there was one of Uncle Kay's pigeons in that tree."

Stewart picked up a small pebble and skimmed it across the lawn. "Uncle Kay told us he wanted to get rid of some of his pigeons, that he had too many. He told us we could have any we found along the alley."

"It seems to me I remember you and your father talking about hunting the other night and he explained

that hunters only shot birds to be eaten."

"Brad's going to show us how to cure a pigeon, Aunt Mollie, stretch him out on a board in the sun, with salt rubbed in, after you've taken all the meat out of his body. Then we're going to stuff him for our museum." Noticing Aunt Mollie's incredulous expression, he added, "Pigeons are good to eat anyway. Brad says he once ate a pigeon pie, and it tasted just like chicken pie. He says in Kentucky, up in the mountains, the people up in Rabbit Cove make a pie out of robins too."

"Robins!" There was a silence of several minutes, both thinking of the red breasted jolly adventurers who hopped about the lawn on snowy mornings, looking for crumbs always thrown to them.

"But you were going to tell me about Mrs. Horton. What did she say when she saw Brad pointing the gun into her tree?"

"Oh, yes, that was what I wanted to tell you. She came out there and she said, in a nice voice, not yelling her head off, the way Mrs. Rogers does—she said, 'Boys, please don't shoot the birds in my trees. Come here; I want to show you something.'"

"She took us around in the yard. Mr. Horton had cut down an old hickory tree, but he had left the trunk standing, for a wistaria to climb on. They had planted a wistaria at the roots and he had driven long spikes in the trunk for the vine to catch hold of. Guess what was on those spikes, Aunt Mollie?"

Without waiting for her reply, Stewart went on, a little note of excitement in his voice, "There was a crust of bread stuck on one, a little bag of suet on another, a bag of oatmeal on one and even the end of a bright red tomato on one spike. She said it was her feeding station for the birds. We sat behind the big urns on her porch and kept just as quiet. After awhile there were as many as six different kinds of birds nibbling at the things on that tree."

"Did you know the names of all the birds?"

"All except one. He had a blue neck and head and when the sun

was shining on his back he was all bright bronze, like Mother's mantel clock. Mrs. Horton said she was almost sure he was a grackle. She has a big bird book. She took us in the house and showed us pictures of the purple grackles and the bronze grackles. It was a swell book."

"Guess it made you think there were probably more kinds of birds than you had ever dreamed there were, looking at those pictures."

"Yes, it did, Aunt Mollie. Mrs. Horton said she and Mr. Horton were getting old and they couldn't walk as well as they once did, and they didn't go to movies as much as they used to go, but she said they had as much fun watching all those birds come to their feeding station as they had at a movie."

"It must be an interesting hobby, making friends with the birds," Aunt Mollie remarked, her last handful of beans plopping into the pan.

"She has some records with a lot of different bird calls on them. She played these for us. Golly, I wish Dad would buy us a record player."

It was no great surprise to anyone in the family the next day when Stewart announced he had swapped the air rifle back to Bobby for the wagon. "That old wagon's got a hole in the bottom of it, but he gave me a last year's kite, besides. It's a perfectly good kite... I may paint the wagon and mend that hole and trade it off."

It was the opinion of all that Stewart was a born trader.

"That boy will be a merchant, some day," his father declared, listening to Stewart's story of his trading and of the two neighbors who had objected to having birds shot in their vicinity, and of how he had decided to get rid of the air rifle.

"You can get a boy interested in most anything, if you go about it the right way," Aunt Mollie said. If Stewart didn't know exactly what she was driving at, his father did, for he gave her one of his slow, understanding smiles. "Maybe we'll go down and look at those record players in the shop, when I get off from work this afternoon, Stew," he promised.

Mary
Fabryan



Windeatt's

Song in the South

ILLUSTRATOR...
**GEDGE
HARMON**

CHAPTER NINE



WITHIN a few hours the storm had subsided, and the lifeboats succeeded in making several trips to and from the shore. Despite the Captain's pleas, however, Francis refused to be rescued. After all, the little boats could hold so few! Wouldn't it be much better if those in poor health and those too terrified to be of use were taken instead? Besides,

there was much work to be done in salvaging baggage and supplies. Several of the crew had been ordered to this task, and Francis wished to stay with them. God willing, the ship would remain afloat a while longer.

His hands flung up in despair, the Captain went in seach of Father Balthazar. "There's one place left in the boat," he said wearily, "and with all the people on land insisting that I bring back Father Francis on this trip . . . and since you've already sent the other Fathers ashore . . . well, I thought . . ."

Father Balthazar nodded, smiling a little. He had sent the other friars ashore, since the wooded

coastline before them gave evidence of being a dangerous country. The rescued passengers, not a few hysterical with fear, had need of men of God to guide them. Thus, Fathers Francis Torres, Francis Leiva and Didacus Pineda had been sent ahead. But surely it would never do to leave those men who were salvaging valuable cargo without a priest to encourage them! And since he himself had just decided on a plan . . .

"It's all right, Captain," he said cheerfully. "Father Francis Solano may stay with the crew until the salvage work is finished. But as for me, I'll take this empty place in the lifeboat. You see, I'm planning to go for help."

The Captain, his face drawn and haggard, stared in amazement. "Help, Father? But how? And where?"

Again Father Balthazar smiled. "By sundown you ought to be able to spare me one of the lifeboats and a few of your men. That being the case, we could start back at once for Panama to tell what's happened. I know that when the Governor hears what I have to say, he'll send another vessel to help us. But first, of course, I'll have to go ashore to prepare for the trip."

TROUBLE ON SHORE

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For a moment the Captain was silent. There was scarcely one chance in a hundred that a small lifeboat could make the hazardous journey back to the Isthmus. Yet without the supplies there was still less chance that those who had been rescued would live for more than a month or two. Beyond the sandy beach where even now the survivors were huddled forlornly, extended countless miles of jungle. What food suitable for white men could be found in such a wilderness, not to mention drinking water? And what about wild animals? Hostile natives? The many unknown dangers that awaited the uninitiated?

"It'll be a risky journey," the Captain said finally, "but the boat and some men to help you will be yours at sundown, Father—if you still want to go."

The missionary laughed at the doubtful tone. "Don't worry that I'll change my mind," he said. "In one way, it's much easier to go back to Panama than to stay here doing nothing. Perhaps before very long you'll agree."

The Captain looked up curiously. "What do you mean, Father?"

"Just this. You're going to have trouble on shore, Captain. Lots of it."

"Trouble?"

"Yes. The shipwreck has been a great strain for everyone. In a little while the reaction will set in among those who've been saved. Just wait and see."

When three days had elapsed, the Captain made what he determined should be his last trip out to the sinking ship. Father Balthazar had been right. Troubles of all kinds were brewing on shore. "Father Francis *must* come back with me this time," he told himself firmly, "and the men with him. We've saved all the supplies we can and there's no further need for anyone to risk his life. Besides, I need Father Francis's help."

Francis realized that the Captain spoke the truth. Preceded by the crew, he did not hesitate to step into the little boat which was to take them all to safety. But just a few minutes later he gave a great gasp. As though a signal had been given, the floating hulk where he and his companions had spent the last three days and nights was splitting into a dozen parts!

"Father, we left it just in time!" cried a young sailor, scarcely more than a boy. "Look! It's sinking for sure!"

Francis nodded. Yes, the boat was going down. In a little while no one would even know where it lay.

"God has been very good to us," he murmured.

"Oh, my brothers, surely we ought to thank Him for our rescue?"

Eagerly the men agreed, and so Francis began to recite the Our Father. All joined in reverently, timing the familiar phrases to the sweep of their oars. Then, the prayer finished, the Captain touched Francis's sleeve furtively.

"Father, before we get to shore..."

"Yes? Is anything wrong, Captain?"

Not wishing that his words be heard by the crew, the Captain shifted slightly and leaned toward the friar. "We're having real trouble on land," he whispered. "Oh, Father, truly I don't know what to do..."

Francis listened quietly as the Captain explained the situation. About a hundred men had been saved—soldiers, officials of the Spanish Crown, a few penniless adventurers who hoped to make fortunes in the New World. These, lacking shelter, had spent the last three days and nights on the small beach ahead. But now food was running short. Clothes were in rags, affording little protection against the heat of the day or the chill mists of night. What was worse, the men's spirits were dangerously low. Hardly anyone believed that Father Balthazar would reach Panama to tell the

They began the building of a simple shrine.



Governor of their plight. To make the picture even blacker, sickness had set in.

"Yesterday two of the men went into the jungle, Father, and ate what they thought were apples. Today they're suffering horribly and anyone can see that they've been poisoned. That's made the rest of us afraid to touch anything no matter how good it looks."

Francis peered ahead at the coastline. "I don't know anything about this country," he said, "but surely there must be fruit and berries in the jungle that are safe to eat. How else would the natives be able to exist?"

The Captain hesitated. "That's another thing, Father. There don't seem to be any natives. We haven't seen a living soul since we landed. And no wonder, if there isn't any fit food to be had."

When the lifeboat finally reached the shore, Francis lost no time in going about among the survivors. As he had expected, everyone's spirits were at a low ebb. Some of the men, on the verge of despair, were regretting that they had not perished with the slaves. Death by drowning was at least fairly quick. It was much to be preferred to starvation, or to being poisoned by tropical fruit.

"What these men need is work," Francis thought. "I just wonder..."

Before an hour had passed, spirits were beginning to rise. Father Francis Solano had gone into the jungle and brought back a great quantity of what seemed to be small red plums. These, he assured the onlookers, would be quite all right to eat. The same was true of some strange-looking fish which he had caught in a lagoon farther down the beach.

"But how do you know, Father?" inquired the Captain anxiously. "I thought you weren't familiar with the trees or plants or fish, Captain. But after I found the plums and caught the fish, I asked the Heavenly Father in the Name of His Son to let these things provide us with a safe and nourishing meal. Of course He heard me."

As they listened to the calm and confident words, Fathers Didacus Pineda and Francis Torres looked significantly at each other, then disappeared together down the beach. Before anyone had noticed their departure, an appetizing aroma was filling the air. The two friars had made a small fire from driftwood, cleaned the fish, cut them into pieces and now were placing these in tempting rows across the hot embers. In a little while there would be the makings of a real meal here for everyone...

Of course there was universal rejoicing at the news. Some of the men burst into tears at the sight of the browning morsels. Others had to be

restrained from grabbing them and escaping into the jungle. But in a few minutes, thanks to Father Didacus, order was restored. There was one good-sized piece of fish for each man present, he assured his famished audience, plus four plums. Certainly this was not enough to satisfy anyone's hunger completely, but it would help. The main thing to remember was that fighting and trickery would not make for one ounce more of food. What supplies there were must be divided equally—today and every day. Pushing, grabbing, selfishness of any sort, would not be tolerated.

When the little meal was over, Francis seized the opportunity for which he had been waiting. Now that the men had been fed and were in a better frame of mind, it was time to rouse the desire to do something constructive. Some work in common must be undertaken, else very soon their thoughts would turn in upon themselves and the black mood which had prevailed that morning would return.

"Dear friends, I'd like to build a little shrine in Our Lady's honor," he said, "but I'm not a carpenter. Is there anyone here who knows about building?"

There was a slight pause. Then three men stepped forward. Yes, they knew something about carpentry. They would be glad to help with the project. Of course, lacking the proper tools the shrine would have to be just a simple one. There would be no fancy carving, no polished columns...

"But I never thought of having anything elaborate," Francis said quickly. "In fact, perhaps 'shrine' is hardly the word to use. You see, Father Didacus managed to save a little statue of Our Lady from the ship. I thought we might make some kind of shelter for it. That's all."

As he expected, the building of the simple shrine took everyone's thoughts away from his own troubles. Even those who had little interest in religious matters braved the dim green light of the jungle to search for the right type of branches and leaves. Others concentrated on finding flowers and vines, and when two days had passed a really attractive framework had been erected around Our Lady's statue.

"We'll come here every day to ask our Mother's prayers," Francis decided. We'll talk to her as little children, and tell her all our troubles. And of course we'll ask her to bring back Father Balthazar very soon with food and supplies."

For a while all went well. Early every morning services were held at the little shrine—hymns, the recitation of the Rosary, a short instruction. Then small groups went forth on the daily hunt for food.

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along the edges of the jungle or out to sea in the lifeboats. Strict orders had been given that no one was to eat or drink anything which had not first been blessed by Father Francis. That dreadful day when two of the survivors had almost died from eating poisonous fruit had not been forgotten.

As time passed, however, the hunting parties became careless. They no longer placed the fruit and berries in their knapsacks, as had been ordered, and carried them untasted to Father Francis. No. First one in the group, then another, would slyly sample the day's assorted find. After all, the walk

in the jungle heat back to Father Francis's headquarters was long and exhausting. Besides, wasn't it rather silly for grown men to have to ask permission to eat this or that food? To kneel for a blessing before tasting the least mouthful?

"I'm not going to do it any longer," declared a defiant young soldier one morning. "Why, Father Francis isn't a native of these parts. I know as much about the fruit and berries as he does." So do I," boasted a companion. "From now on I'm going to eat and drink what I please."

(To be continued)



ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

Marmion Priory, Aurora, Illinois, an institution established by St. Meinrad's Abbey, was raised to the rank of an independent Benedictine Abbey by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, through the apostolic brief, "*Ea Religiosorum*," dated March 21, 1947. At the same time the Holy See confirmed as its first Abbot, the Rt. Rev. Gerald Benkert, O.S.B., Ph.D., Rector of St. Meinrad Minor Seminary for the past two years. This is the second Abbey founded by St. Meinrad, the first having been St. Joseph's Abbey, Louisiana.

Marmion Abbey (St. Augustine's Abbey) began as Jasper College, Jasper, Indiana, in 1889. In 1933 the institution was moved to Aurora, Ill., and soon became, under the direction of the Rev. Norbert Spitzmeyer, O.S.B., one of the leading preparatory schools of the country. Benedictines, who were pioneer members of the Aurora foundation, besides the Superior, Father Norbert, were: the Reverend fathers Vincent Wagner, Ildephonse Kreidler, Maurus Ohligslager, Matthew Preske, and Gregory Kunkel. Shortly after the transfer from Jasper to Aurora, the school was changed to a Military Academy. In 1943 Abbot Ignatius

Esser, O.S.B., raised Marmion to the status of a dependent Priory, with the Very Rev. Gilbert Hess, O.S.B., as Prior.

The new Abbot Gerald Benkert, O.S.B., was born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 24, 1909. He is the great-nephew of the late Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, O.S.B., third Abbot of St. Meinrad. Abbot Gerald made his profession August 6, 1929, and was ordained to the

priesthood May 22, 1934. He received his M.A. from the Catholic University of America and his Ph. D. from the same institution in 1945. Before completing his studies for the doctorate, he served as Headmaster of Marmion Military Academy for two years. At the time of his confirmation as Abbot, he was Rector of the Minor Seminary and taught Philosophy in the Major Seminary. When informed of his new dignity, Abbot Gerald was in Boston attending the National Catholic Education Convention, where he read a paper on the spiritual education of minor seminarians. The blessing of the new Abbot will be conferred by the Most Reverend John J. Boylan, D.D., Bishop of Rockford, in Aurora, May 22. *Ad multos annos!*

The new Abbey will begin with 33 charter members—24 priests, 3 clerics, and 6 brothers. Besides the monks who are at Marmion at present, the following are listed as charter members: the Reverend fathers Benedict Brown, Victor Dux, Mathias Zinkan, Bede Stocker, Terence Stanton, Barnabas Lundergan, and Thomas Greene; the clerics, Fraters Luke Bohr, Martin Witting,



Abbot Fidelis von Stotzingen, O.S.B.

and Rene Cyr; the Brothers Benedict Joseph Piers, Michael Lloyd, James Blandford, Albert Heinz, and Placid Hellman.

The new Abbey at Aurora is one of the two erected by the Holy See in commemoration of the 14th centenary of the death of St. Benedict, the Patriarch of Western Monasticism, the other being Mount St. Benedict Abbey, Trinidad, B.W.I. *Proficiat! Crescat! Floreat!*

* * * * *

On the occasion of the 14th centenary of the passing of St. Benedict, March 21, this year, the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, issued an encyclical letter, *Fulgens Radiatur*, addressed to the Bishops of the universal Church. It is the ninth encyclical in the eight years of his Pontificate.

Comparing the times of St. Benedict with our own, the Holy Father pointed out the influence of the holy Patriarch on his generation. He stressed St. Benedict's spirit of worship, religion, liturgy, which did much to save the crumbling civilization of Europe. This master-virtue of St. Benedict, the virtue of religion, is needed today to save the world from the secularism that threatens its destruction.

"The life, virtues, and work of the saint hold many lessons applicable to our times," Pope Pius affirmed. "First, to worship God, to observe His laws in both public and private, to adore Him and love Him as a charitable Father, and through love of God to love our fellow men, whom we should consider as brothers in Christ irrespective of race, nationality, or social class, so that all peoples, states, and nations form one Christian family.

"Secondly, there is the lesson to honor and respect the dignity of work, both manual and mental. Workers, under the example of Jesus, who consecrated human toil by divine sweat in the manual labors of His youth, should learn by their labors not only to serve their own personal maintenance and welfare but also the good of the civil community, keeping their minds fixed on the celestial life, where

alone true peace, rest, and unending happiness are available."

The Holy Father also asked assistance in the rebuilding of Monte Cassino Abbey.

* * * * *

The Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, the Rt. Rev. Fidelis von Stotzingen, O.S.B., died in Rome January 9. Fortified with the last rites of Mother Church and the special blessing of his personal friend, Pope Pius XII, he passed away peacefully to his reward in the next life. A Pontifical Requiem Mass was offered by Father Abbot here at the Abbey for the repose of his soul.

Elected coadjutor to the first Abbot Primate, Hildebrand de Hemptine, May 13, 1913, and succeeding him three months later, he held the office of Primate almost 34 years. He retained the twelve-year office until his death in virtue of re-election in 1925 and again in 1937. Besides serving as Primate, he was Chancellor Magnificus of the College of San Anselmo, Rome, where he resided, and was Procurator of the Pontifical Greek College of St. Athanasius.

He visited St. Meinrad in 1926, when he was on an official visitation of the Abbeys of the United States and is remembered by many of the Fathers and Brothers. The late Abbot Primate made his Profession at Beuron Abbey, Germany, in 1892, and at the time of his elevation to the Primatial dignity was Abbot of

Maria Laach Abbey, Rhineland. He was a deep scholar, a preacher of note, and an unusual linguist.

The election of a new Primate is scheduled to take place in Rome early in September. Our Father Abbot will participate in the election.

* * * * *

Much progress has been made during the past few weeks on the excavation work of the new Hall, that is being built south of the Minor Seminary building. The hill below the water tower is rapidly disappearing before the powerful blade of the bulldozer. The architect's plans show a separate building, that will house class rooms, living quarters, and an auditorium.

* * * * *

A fire of unknown origin wrecked the Abbey coal mine Saturday, March 29. An unusually large amount of coal had been mined and put into the bins just prior to the fire, but this suffered from the flames also. Coal will burn, too. We were told that the fire converted some of this coal into coke, which made a hotter fire than the regular coal in the boilers.

* * * * *

A piece of land near the Abbey was acquired recently and is being prepared for use as a cattle range. In this way we hope to supply our cattle for the abattoir. Brother Anthony is in charge.



Abbey Coal Mine, damaged by fire, March 29.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN

MARGARET FRANCIS



Mrs. Perrone came down the polished stairway slowly, her eyes carefully seeking some sign of dust. In the lower hallway she paused, ran an investigating finger along the top of an ornate mirror; she was rewarded by a tiny film. Smiling, grimly, holding the evidence in her hand, she pushed open the kitchen door.

"Tina," she said accusingly, "I wish you would look here!"

The woman turned from the ironing board, a light pink edging her cheeks as she saw the dust.

"On the mirror in the hall," said her mistress heavily. "Really—Tina..." She paused, waiting for some defense.

There was none. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Perrone," Tina said slowly. "I'll go over the hall right after lunch."

"Very well." Mrs. Perrone eyed the finished pieces of laundry with a critical glance. "Don't forget about my slips, Tina," she warned. "Remember? The lace wasn't ironed very well last week."

Tina nodded. Then, as Mrs. Perrone moved across the room, the older woman said, without looking at her. "Mrs. Perrone, I sure would like to go to my granddaughter's graduation exercises at the school Friday afternoon. She's going to make a speech."

"But, Tina!" The younger woman's voice rose in protest. "You know Friday is my club day—any

other day but Friday, Tina! That is impossible."

The other woman continued doggedly: "I remembered it was your club day but I thought, maybe this once, I could get everything ready in the morning."

Mrs. Perrone sighed in exasperation. "We couldn't possibly get everything ready in the morning—the sandwiches would be stale and the coffee tasteless by the middle of the afternoon and you know it." Shaking her head: "No, I'm sorry, Tina, but we couldn't possibly arrange for you to be off on that day." Glancing out of the back window, she dismissed the subject with: "Tina, did you cut those flowers for me to carry to Mrs. Lemke this morning?"

"Yesm'm, they're cut and in a vase on the back porch. And the fig preserves you told me to get out of the cupboard are ready too—in there on the shelf."

"Good." Having voiced her approval, Mrs. Perrone edged toward the hall. It was a good thing that there was no servant problem in this small town, as there were in other places. The idea of Tina wanting to be off on Friday afternoon! She knew better... no doubt, she'd read something in one of the out-of-town papers that had put such preposterous notions in her head.

Having obtained her coat and hat from the hall closet, Mrs. Perrone put them on. Pausing before the mirror, she approved her reflection; navy blue coat... didn't angels of mercy wear blue? Hum-

ming, she went back through the kitchen to the pantry, picked up the preserves and opened the back door. The flowers were, as Tina had said, in a vase, the roll of wax paper conveniently beside them. Mrs. Perrone reflected a moment on the messiness of having to stop and wrap the flowers. She turned back toward the kitchen.

"Tina, I can't carry both the preserves and the flowers out to the garage. I'll go ahead and get the car out; you may bring the flowers to me." She heard Tina's half-stifed sigh as she put aside the iron.

Once inside the car, the flowers neatly wrapped in their wax paper on the seat beside her, Mrs. Perrone set off down the street to Mrs. Lemke's, her first stop.

Hilda Lemke came to the door in answer to Mrs. Perrone's knocking; her worn, tired looking face brightened as she saw the gay bouquet in the other woman's arms.

"Come in, Mrs. Perrone!" she said cordially. "Mother loves flowers—and she loves company."

Mrs. Perrone followed the girl down the narrow hallway to the bedroom, her high heels clattering loudly on the uncarpeted floor. "I've been wanting to come to see your mother for some time," she explained, "but I have so many charities—they take up practically all of my time."

The girl's face colored a bit at the word "chari-

ties," but she replied gently: "I'm sure you are a very busy woman. Mother—you have company this morning!"

The white-haired woman in the chair by the bed turned a smiling face toward the doorway. "Oh—oh, Leona, I'm so glad to see you!" She held out a frail hand which Mrs. Perrone took gingerly, letting it drop immediately. Offering the flowers, Mrs. Perrone said: "I thought you might enjoy these roses out of my garden."

"They're beautiful!" The older woman took them slowly, holding them with gentle hands. For a moment she put her face against their fragrant beauty, saying: "I haven't seen your garden in so long, Leona... I know it must be lovely."

Mrs. Perrone nodded, taking a chair. "I'm so busy I don't have much time to spend with it now, but Jack manages very well. Goodness knows though, I have to keep after him! I tell him its good for his health to get out in the yard after spending all day in that stuffy office."

"I'll put them in water, Mother," volunteered Hilda, taking the flowers.

When the girl had gone out, Mrs. Perrone leaned forward to say in a low voice: "Jenny, I don't think Hilda looks well. Have you had the doctor check her lately?"

A shadow fell across the older woman's face, gathering itself into little wrinkles about her eyes



"Gracious!" she remarked. "Isn't it bad for the other children to play in the room with the baby?"

and mouth. "I thought she didn't look very well myself," she admitted, "but when I said something to her about it the other day she said it was my imagination." Looking at her visitor: "You really think she looks bad?"

"Yes, I do," replied the other emphatically. "I think it would be a very good idea to have the doctor look her over next time he calls."

"She has to work so hard...and I'm so much trouble," continued Mrs. Lemke, shaking her head sadly.

"Well now, I wouldn't worry about that," insisted Mrs. Perrone cheerfully, "It's her duty—and we all get old, you know." With that sage bit of observation she began to gather up her purse and gloves.

"Must you go?" asked Mrs. Lemke.

"I'll try to come back again soon," replied Mrs. Perrone gently, "but right now I have to call on the Harlans. They have a new baby—called Jackie, after my husband. Mr. Harlan works for Mr. Perrone, you see, and they thought it would be nice..." Her mouth tightened slightly. "Jack thought that naming the baby for him called for a very nice present, but gracious! I'm sure they didn't mean anything like that. I sent over a hand-knitted sweater which came from Roth's and cost five dollars, and now I'm carrying over some preserves. I think that's nice enough, don't you? After all—it costs so much to live these days!"

The white head nodded. "Yes, I think you're very generous, Leona..."

Hilda returned, carrying the flowers. "Oh! Must you go so soon?" she queried. "I was going to make us a cup of tea."

"Hilda—" the mother's voice broke in, sharp with worry. "You look so tired...are you all right?"

The girl smiled with mock indignation. "Oh, mama! Stop that foolish worrying! Of course I'm all right."

In the dim hallway the girl confided to her guest: "Mama would get along better if she didn't worry so about me—she thinks I have to work too hard."

Mrs. Perrone touched the girl's arm. "Now, don't you fret," she advised. "You know, Mothers were made to worry." Having thus disposed of the matter, she took her departure.

At the Harlans Mrs. Perrone met what was to her a most disturbing situation. With a new baby,

scarcely ten days old in the room, romping about their mother's bed were two lively youngsters of three and five.

Mrs. Perrone paused in the doorway, her eyes frankly disapproving. "Gracious!" she remarked. "Isn't it bad for the other children to play in the room with the baby?"

Mrs. Harlan, a plump-faced, jolly-looking little woman appeared surprised. "Well, they have to play in here where I can keep an eye on them," she explained. "The woman who is helping out while I'm in bed doesn't do anything but wash the children's clothes and cook the meals." Glancing toward the baby bed, she added: "He doesn't seem to mind and anyway, he has to get used to it."

Sitting down, Mrs. Harlan placed the preserves on a table beside the chair. Then she peered over into the baby bed. "My! He's a tiny thing, isn't he?" she remarked. "Little things like that are usually sickly; you'll have to be careful."

Mrs. Harlan sat up abruptly. "He isn't sickly!" she defended. "The other children were small—the doctor said Jackie was perfect!"

Mrs. Perrone sniffed. "Doctors always say that." Quickly, she added: "Oh, I don't mean there's anything the matter with him—you'll just have to be careful, that's all." Looking at the other two children, she said: "There's a case of diphtheria in town—these two had the shots?"

Looking further alarmed, Mrs. Harlan leaned back against the pillows. "Emmy has, I know... but Bobby... I'm not sure—they've both had so many kinds of shots..." She was still frowning at the children as Mrs. Perrone rose to her feet. "Oh, must you go?" asked Mrs. Harlan. "I want to thank you for the sweater...and the fig preserves...you're very kind."

"We just wanted you to know we were thinking of you," replied Mrs. Perrone. Glancing at the baby bed: "And I hope that Jackie gets along well."

When she left, Mrs. Harlan was sitting up in bed, looking at the sleeping infant with worried eyes.

Once outside, Mrs. Perrone took a deep breath of fresh air, turned the car toward home. Every one had his troubles... now the idea of Tina wanting to go to a silly graduation on Friday when she *knew* it was club day. Driving up the street, Mrs. Perrone reflected further on her morning calls; she was filled with a sense of her own generosity and charity.

INVEST- MENT

MARK
HAGER



"No wonder you ain't got much, Grandpa," I said, "the way you keep giving things away..."

He was pulling on his old brown jacket because he heard the voices of the school children coming along the road.

He looked down at me and grinned.

"After you've lived as long as I have, sonny, you may change your mind. It's all right to still have a little kindness in the world..."

He went out under the apple trees by the fence and got down on his knees at the mouth of the apple hole, where he'd buried apples in straw and covered them with dirt close by the fence so that he could hand them across the fence to the school children; in fact, it seemed like this was the one joy Grandpa had left in the world, and he was pretty old and it seemed like his arm stayed bent at the elbow just right to reach in the apple hole.

And when the children would take the red cold apples, and bite them and holler, "Thanks, Grandpa!" as they all called him, it would make the old man's eyes twinkle and his white beard quiver, and he'd glance back over his shoulder and grin at

me as if to say. "See? Didn't I tell you?"

But I couldn't see it because all the way Grandpa had of living was from his apple orchard and cherry orchard, and he was so old it was difficult for him to gather his apples and cherries, and after the children would get started so they couldn't hear, I'd say, "You could sell them good apples, Grandpa. A crowd of school children can eat you out of house and home. You know that, don't you?"

He'd grin.

"You call that giving, sonny? That isn't giving; that's investing. It's a mighty nice thing for a person to invest in children like that..."

But I didn't see any sense in it, and besides after Grandpa got old and had to live alone, it was my job to stay with him of winters and get in wood and keep his fire built and his horse and cow fed, and then I had to help him gather the apples and pick the cherries, and in the winter of 1943, Grandpa was pinned down to his big chair by the fire with rheumatism, and I had everything to do, and it'd vex me when he'd say, "I can't make it, sonny... I can't move this leg. I wish you'd

slip out to the apple hole. I hear the school children. Give them some red apples..."

"No, Grandpa, I ain't going to... we need all you got... you down like this... besides..."

But he'd crack his cane against the hearth and get sharp with me.

"It isn't giving... It's casting bread upon the waters..."

But it didn't sound like good hard practical sense to me, and even though I'd go, I'd pitch an apple at the children with a frown, and I could see I didn't get back the glow of pink faces and smiles and white teeth like Grandpa got when he gave apples across the fence, and I went back in the house and told him, I said, "It's foolish, Grandpa... you think them kids cares anything about us? And besides, I aim to leave this place. I'm going back home, no matter what Mother says. There'll be all them cherries to pick this summer, and I'm big enough to be working where I can earn good money, instead of giving away things..."

Grandpa didn't answer. I noticed his old gray head drooped over a little, and he set his eyes on the slow burning embers in the fire place, and I got sorry.

I patted the white hair on his head.

"Sorry, Grandpa ... I didn't mean that. I'll stay ... I'll pick all the cherries I can ..."

He didn't answer. He just sat dreamy, and down at church, Father Gleason asked, "How's your grandfather?"

"Him? He ain't no good much these days, Father ... he's all broke up with rheumatism ..." and then Father Gleason came several times and sat and talked with my grandfather, and I wondered why, Father Gleason being a learned man, could encourage my grandfather in giving away things, and he, too, agreed it was casting bread upon the waters that would return.

And then, I recollect Grandpa seemed anxious the evening I came in after Father Gleason had delivered the baccalaureate address, and he whipped his keen, sparkly blue eyes up at me, and said:

"I wanted to go to hear Father Gleason ... but this blasted rheumatism! What did he talk about, sonny?"

"Oh, shucks, you can guess ... you know him ... said we were leaving high school now and most of us would have to go to work with our hands and muscles ... said it was so noble what a person can do with his hands ... honest toil ... helpful hands ... all about hands ... you know how he is ..."

Grandpa sat twisting his old and soft and puffy hands, and he listened at what I said.

"That sounds as if it was good," Grandpa said. "I should have liked to hear it ..."

And that's all there was to tell just then, and it was time to plow the garden and get things planted in the earth, and all Grandpa could do was get out on the front porch in his big chair and tell me where to plow, and how to wrap the trace chains with cloth so they couldn't rub the hide off Old Kate's hind legs. We got along very well until late June when it seemed like everything

was coming due at the same time to be done ... the corn and garden to hoe ... the little meadow soon to mow ... and the cherry orchard ripening, and Grandpa would get me to walk him up in the middle of the cherry orchard and he'd take his cane and a washpan, and he'd sit among the cherry trees and beat the pan, trying to scare the jaybirds away, for they just came swarming in, squalling and threatening.

"Might as well," I said, "let the birds have the cherries, Grandpa. You can't expect me to do all this other work and pick them cherries."

"Don't worry, sonny," Grandpa said, with a kind of sureness in his voice, and I wondered how it was that an old man could sit crippled with rheumatism and helpless in body, and talk like that with only a twelve-year-old boy to help, but that's how he was, and I never did begin to understand the faith, the courage and the ways of either

A very timely leaflet that fits neatly into any missal or prayerbook, containing prayers for the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit as well as a prayer of thanksgiving for graces received, may be obtained by sending a stamped self addressed envelope to Reverend Linus Swartz, O.S.B., St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Grandpa or Father Gleason until the sunshiny morning when I heard what seemed hundreds of voices, and the voices were of school children, but there was no school, and I stopped and stood between the plow handles and gazed in amazement down the road until I saw them.

They came around the bend of the road at the old red clay bank. I looked toward the house. Grandpa sat in his big chair on the porch, and he was shading his eyes with his shakey hand, and there's the same crowd of school children—high school boys and girls, and it's a flame of colors and a melody of voices that comes around the clay bank, and you can hear them beating out tunes on the bottoms of tin buckets, and who heads the march, but Father Gleason, with the early morning sunshine glistening on his white collar, and his glistening black hair, for he always liked to be bare-headed when he came out around our place just to be in the sunshine and breath of the fresh, vigorous air.

I stood still and watched. I saw the children sling open the old saggy gate at Grandpa's yard fence, and I heard the old plow point rattle, and I saw Father Gleason hug his neck, and the children shake and kiss his hand, and then I heard Father Gleason say, "Over the fence and at 'em, children ..."

And you should have seen the scurrying of jaybirds from the orchard, and the boys and girls went up the tall cherry trees, and clambered out on the loaded bending limbs like squirrels, while Father Gleason just sat down on the porch with Grandpa where he could see, and if you ever saw a pretty sight, it was the young girls and boys with their cheeks matching the crimson of the ripe cherries, and their blue and pink dresses blending with the green leaves, and I wondered just then what Father Gleason and Grandpa could be talking about.

I thought of Grandpa's crooked arm that seemed always set to reach in the apple hole. I thought of Father's words in his address about hands ... helpful ... kind hands ... hands that make it the kind of world people enjoy living in ... and I thought of bread cast upon the waters, and of the sparkly twinkle in the blue of Grandpa's eyes when he'd say:

"It isn't just giving, sonny ... it's investing ..."

Our Reading Room

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

FIRST FRIDAYS AND JUNE DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART

Arranged for congregational use by Rev. Chas. M. Carty
Radio Replies Press,
St. Paul 1, Minn. 15¢.

A useful booklet for the busy pastor or chaplain.

THE THREE HOURS

Radio Replies Press,
St. Paul 1, Minn. 35¢.

Arranged for Good Friday and all the Fridays of the year with prayers and hymns in commemoration of the seven words spoken by Jesus on the cross. 14 etchings of the Holy Face.

WAY OF THE CROSS FOR CHILDREN

by Rev. Dr. L. Rumble, M.S.C.
Radio Replies Press,
St. Paul 1, Minn. 15¢.

The simple text together with the fourteen Holy Face etchings by Hippolyte Lazerges makes this a very useful devotional prayer book for children.

WHAT IS THE CATHOLIC FAITH ANYWAY?

by John J. Dussman, M.A.
Radio Replies Press,
St. Paul 1, Minn. 20¢.

This useful booklet presents the Faith of Our Fathers in simple, unadorned language. It is merely a statement of the Catholic Church's case as verified by history, sacred and profane.

IS THE WILL FREE?

by John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., LL. D. 10¢.

For those who would probe this most serious of all modern problems, the denial of free will in the world today, this scholarly booklet based on modern science and philosophy will prove useful.

THE SOUL: WHAT IS IT?

by John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., LL. D. 10¢.

The question: What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul, means nothing to moderns who deny the soul's very existence. This booklet will answer the doubting Thomases and strengthen the faith of the believers in the soul.

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

by John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., LL. D. 10¢.

The problem of life after death is expertly handled here by a master of dialectic.

All three of these pamphlets can

be obtained at The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York 19, N. Y.

INDUSTRY AT THE CROSSROADS

by Gerald C. Treacy, S.J.
The Paulist Press,
New York 19, N. Y. 10¢

This booklet is very timely in view of the snarled relations between management and labor; the booklet presents in clear catechetical form the basic principles of social justice as presented in the papal encyclicals.

BITS OF INFORMATION FOR SACRISTANS

by Father Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S.
The Salvatorian Fathers
Publishing Department
St. Nazianz, Wisconsin. 15¢

A handy reference and guide for sacristans and others whose duties bring them into close association with the altar and its utensils.

PLENARY INDULGENCED PRAYERS

Cathetical Guild,
St. Paul, Minn. 15¢.

Their beauty of thought and their priceless value will make this collection appeal to many persons who are devoted to the poor souls.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Enclosed find offering for special petition received. My daughter now has a position suitable for her health. H.O., Ind.

Please accept enclosed offering for special favor obtained through Brother Meinrad's intercession. F.W., Ill.

Through the intercession of Brother Meinrad my daughter has returned to her Religion and has had her marriage rectified after four years. Her husband is also taking instructions now. Mrs. W.E.M.

Enclosed find an offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a favor received. L.J.H.

Please send 3 pictures and prayers of Brother Meinrad as I would like to give them to some sick people. A friend gave me one; I said the prayers and found relief almost immediately. Enclosed find offering for thanksgiving and for the prayers. Penn.

Enclosed is a small offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a favor received. R.W., Ind.

Enclosed find an offering in thanksgiving to Bro. Meinrad for favors received. He has never failed me. L.A., N. H.

My health has been improved so much since I made a novena to Bro. Meinrad I can scarcely believe I am the same person. I thank God and Bro. Meinrad for my wonderful improvement with this small offering. T.P., Wis.

Enclosed find an offering in thanksgiving to Bro. Meinrad for helping my boy in his studies; I pray he will continue to help him. E.T., Ind.

I would like to promote devotion to Bro. Meinrad through pamphlets as I have received many small favors through his intercession. N.M., Colo.

I promised Bro. Meinrad to have Masses said for his glorification and to have this published if he would help me. I have obtained 4 favors through his intercession. T.H., Ill.

Thanks to Brother Meinrad for helping my baby recover from fever after placing his picture on her. V.R., Fla.

Enclosed find offering for favors I've received through intercession of Bro. Meinrad. S.K., Pa.

Enclosed find \$15.00 for Masses for the glorification of Bro. Meinrad. Am very grateful for favors received through Bro. Meinrad's intercession. L.H.

Enclosed find offering in thanks to Bro. Meinrad for many favors received through his intercession. R.M.

Enclosed find \$5.00 for Masses in thanksgiving for favors granted through the intercession of Bro. Meinrad. My sister had indications of cancer but after an operation it was found that she did not have cancer. A.B., Tex.

I promised publication of thanks for help received through intercession of Bro. Meinrad and the Blessed Mother. J.K., Ind.

Enclosed find \$2.00 for Masses in honor of Bro. Meinrad for two favors I received from him. M.L., Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for a Mass promised to Bro. Meinrad for favor received. P.D., Mich.

Enclosed please find offering for Mass in honor of Brother Meinrad and the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for favor granted. You may publish in Grail. V.A.B., Ind.

While we were in a small hospital before Christmas, blood smears were sent in from my seven year old daughter. It was pronounced leukemia. We were rushed to Rochester. I prayed to Brother Meinrad daily. My daughter was dismissed from Rochester in a week's time one hundred percent well. I am truly grateful to Brother Meinrad for his intercession in getting my prayers answered. E.H.S., S. Dak.

I have promised Brother Meinrad \$2.00 for many favors he has done for me. C.T., Ill.

Enclosed find offering for favors received through Brother Meinrad. Mrs. S.K., Pa.

I am the mother of seven children. Ever since about 1938 I had trouble with my feet and legs, varicose veins, varicose ulcers, and terrible eczema on all four sides of my feet at the ankles. I went to doctors and tried other numerous things, but nothing did me any good, so I just gave up. In the Spring of last year my good mother gave me a leaflet of Brother Meinrad. I started praying to him, and after several weeks my feet seemed not to bother me so much, and to my big surprise the eczema left me. Nobody knows what a relief that was to me, after all those years of intense itching. I am very thankful to Brother Meinrad for all he has done for me; there is very seldom a day goes by that I do not pray to him. M.W., Ind.

Enclosed find offering for a favor I received by praying to Brother Meinrad. Am asking Brother Meinrad for another favor; if granted, I will make another offering. E.B.S. Ind.

I can safely state that, through intercession of Venerable Brother Meinrad, my eyes are 95% better than when I first began to invoke his aid; therefore my thanksgiving offering. I heartily trust that Venerable Brother Meinrad will keep on with his help through Our Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, so that my eyes will become 100%. Is that asking too much? C.S., N. Y.

Enclosed find offering in honor of Brother Meinrad for not having toothache. E.R., Mich.

This is to report a very unusual favor received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad—a favor, the details of which I cannot put on paper. S.M.C., Ind.

Enclosed please find offering for a Mass which I promised in honor of Brother Meinrad—a farm which was received through his intercession for which I am very grateful, and also many others. M.B., Calif.

I want to report another favor I received through the help of Bro. Meinrad. We had been looking for a house for my son for one year. I promised a High Mass to Brother Meinrad if he would help. Last Saturday my son bought a home—thanks to Bro. Meinrad Bro. Meinrad has done some wonderful favors for me. E.A.S., Ind.

I promised a Mass and publication if my grandson would be cured of a serious case of athlete's foot. Thanks to Brother Meinrad and Father Paul of Moll, his feet were completely cured. A. D.S., Kans.

Please say ten masses in honor of Brother Meinrad for a special favor granted to me. D.S.D., Cal.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

A WAY OF LIFE



ST. BENEDICT

Fourteen hundred years is a long time for the work of one man to endure, but the work of St. Benedict has achieved this distinction. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, has taken special note of this anniversary and has written an Encyclical on St. Benedict and his rule and how it conquered Europe for Christ in the early centuries through its observance by his followers known as the Monks of St. Benedict, or the Benedictines.

There are over twenty Benedictine Monasteries in the United States and all welcome young men who have the qualifications to become monks.

The qualifications are rather easy to fulfill: 1) A good motive for becoming a monk (to save your soul; to help educate seminarians; to live a life of prayer and sacrifice, and so on). 2) Good morals, that is, keeping the Commandments and the Vows of Poverty, Obedience, Chastity, Stability, and Conversion of Morals. 3) Good health. 4) Good talents, that is, intelligence to graduate in the course of studies if you want to be a priest-monk; or if a Brother to be able to fill a job at the monastery (in the garden, farm, printing press, kitchen, machine shop, bakery, orchard, or some other place).

In the Monastery at St. Meinrad, Indiana, one may apply for entrance according to whether one wishes to become a Benedictine Priest or Brother. Anyone who has completed the eight grades in Grammar School may enter St. Meinrad's, for Priesthood or Brotherhood. Also anyone who is in High School, or who has completed it, or who is in College, or is working—any of these may apply. For further information, write a letter telling your age, how much schooling you have had, and whether you wish to become a Benedictine Priest or Brother—and address it to:

THE GRAIL Office
St. Meinrad, Indiana

